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W. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

VOL. XXI. NO. 14.

The Liberator.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.—GEORGE THOMPSON.
ROCHESTER, March 15, 1851.

Dear Mr. Garrison:
In reply to your account of the splendid
reception of Geo. Thompson at Rochester, in his first
appearance there before the Athenaeum Association
of this city.

On Thursday, 13th inst., pursuant to notice given,
the Anti-Slavery Convention held its meetings at
Rochester. The house was well filled at an early
hour, though a small charge was made for admittance.
James Sperry of Henrietta was appointed to pre-
side over the Convention. Messrs. L. M. More and
Jesse were chosen Vice-Presidents, and Daniel
Anthony was appointed Secretary.

The meeting was opened with remarks by the
President. He was followed with a short speech by
Messrs. M. More, Frederick Douglass then spoke
for some time upon the obstacles in the way of the
anti-slavery cause. He spoke of the strong opposi-
tion arrayed against freedom, and the heartlessness
of the clergy, the press, and the politicians, and the
policy of the Government in its attempt to execute
the Fugitive Slave Law, and the determination evi-
dent in the part of the Slave Power and its Northern
allies to crush the spirit of liberty in the land.

Mr. Foster followed with some remarks upon the
views of Mr. Douglass. She said, that in all these
things she saw encouragement, inasmuch as the Slave
Power is at last before the people. The wrath of the
abolitionists and his friends at the North is not now
directed against a few abolitionists only, but it is
directed against all that is unhuman and liberty in
the land, and now the struggle is one for life or death.
Through the clouds are dark, the storm will be sooner
over.

Mr. Thompson then appeared in the hall, and was
received with the greatest enthusiasm. As it was so
late in the afternoon, he declined speaking at
the afternoon, and the Convention adjourned till
the next day.

At the commencement of the afternoon session,
Frederick Douglass took up again the aggression of
slavery. He alluded to the fact, that in every con-
ference with the North, the Slave Power had invariably
prevailed, and the North became weaker and weaker.
He remarked, that freedom could never be establish-
ed, until the land till the Government itself was destroy-
ed—until a government could be formed which
would be a free government.

Mr. Foster remarked, that as far as the U. S. Gov-
ernment was concerned, it must be wholly abolished
and a new one substituted. Speaking of the strength of
the Slave Power, he said, that it looked dark;
and in 1776, when the oppressions of the mother
country were greater than at any previous time; and
yet was not that very increase of oppression the cause
of the resistance which overturned the oppressor's
power, and caused his dominion to cease? It was the
same that broke the loaded cannon's back; and
now the Fugitive Slave Law will nigh the last
reign of aggression which the people of this land will
see! For herself, Mrs. F. added, 'she saw light be-
hind the darkness, and thought the day of the
new redemption was near.'

The audience was very large, not less than twelve
hundred persons being present. By the
way, I hear that the editor of the Rochester Daily
Advertiser, to whose influence I alluded in
my last letter, has circulated through his paper a state-
ment that but a few people, say two or three
hundred at most, had attended the meetings of Mr.
Thompson and of the Anti-Slavery Convention in
Rochester. This fellow is decidedly the coolest liar
I ever knew. From the first lecture (of which
I gave you a fair account) to the last meeting of the
Convention, the Corinthian Hall was filled, and most
of the time crowded by the best and most intelligent
audience I have ever seen, who not only came, but
paid a fee to attend the meetings. Hunkered
in various places, is grasping freely at the falsehoods
of this poor wretch, and tries to believe that the
people have no interest in the discussion of the slave-
ry question, and that the first orator of the age does
not draw a single cent for his services, but that he
will not only himself, but the truths he preach-
es, and the men and women of this land. Poor
Rochester looks with white face into the frighten-
ed countenance of the lying priest; and they
say each other, in pious tones, and the old rebel
cries in a hoarse voice, 'You don't think it's going to be
such a show, now, do you?' Meanwhile the
house is growing darker, and the earth is quak-
ing beneath their feet. We would advise the editor
to go, by all means, to the World's
Fair, as a specimen of an American newspaper liar.
He might be easily backed to any amount against
any other specimen of a liar, Jew or Greek, Chris-
tian, Infidel, Barbarian, or Scythian, which could be
produced on that occasion.

At the close of the remarks of Mrs. Foster, George
Thompson took the floor amid the plaudits of the
assembly. He remarked, that he was often asked the
question, 'What have you to do with the subject of
American slavery?' Excepting its guilt, I have every-
thing to do with it! It was a human question before
it was an American one. The question was a moral
one, and it was before the continent of America
was discovered. It was a question of right and wrong,
of eternal principles, before a single slave
stepped his fetters over the free soil of America, and
every man and woman on earth has something to do
with the matter of human slavery. It is a crime against
God, America makes that a local question, which
involves within itself the principles of the govern-
ment of God! Can you roll back the tide of moral
evil and influence which God from eternity has set
in motion? Can America isolate herself in her guilt
from the moral universe? Till she can do this, she
cannot make slavery a mere American question. Ex-
cept to say to any one of the human race, 'Be silent
upon this subject!' look not of the oppressor leave

to be here. I ask it not of the heartless, scheming
politician. I ask it not of the priest, who sells men's
souls for power and gold. I am here by virtue of my
rights as a man! I am here to fulfill my duty to my
fellow-men and to God! I am here by invitation of
three millions of my wronged and oppressed fellow-
men, all speechless as they are; they are all eloquent
in tears and groans and blood, and by these, by
their sacred nature as men, by their darkened souls
and tormented forms, I am urged to speak for them,
and plead their cause with the people of America and
with the world! You have cast the slave upon the
sympathies of the world, upon the pity of the uni-
verse; and when the legislation of the land is in
league with the Slave Power of the land, and both
are sustained by a sordid priesthood and time-serving
church, in utterly crushing the slave, you need not
wonder that the men and women of other lands take
up the cause of the outcast bondman, and demand
his rights, and plead his cause before the world upon
the broad ground of humanity.

Yet you, as a people, make a great ado about lib-
erty. You like freedom very well for yourselves, and
at times the freedom of your country are very elo-
quent upon the subject of liberty. Later, in the
Congress of the United States, a proposition has been
made to send a vessel to bring to your shores the
noble Kosuth. But remember, in the same Congress
it has been proposed to send vessels freighted with
the hunted and despised children of America, (hunted
and despised not for crime,) but for the color and form
which God gave them, to the inhospitable shores of
Africa; and this not from any motive to give them a
chance to live even in that land of fever, miasma and
death, but solely and simply to make the slave prop-
erty of the South more valuable and secure; for this
is the motive often and fearlessly avowed! And the eyes
of an indignant world may see sailing, side by side,
the ship which goes to bring to your shores the hero
of Hungarian liberty, the noble Kosuth, and the ship
which bears to a foreign clime the wronged and
expatriated citizens of the American Republic! Can
you think, for a moment, that the eyes of all Europe
are blinded to your hypocrisy, or that the philan-
thropy of the world does not despise you, and indignantly
refuse to recognize your pretensions to a love of
human liberty? They see you as you are, and hold you
to be the hypocrites you are; and in your expressed
sympathy for the suffering heroes of other lands, they
see that disgusting sight of a nation of oppressors re-
solving to keep a few less oppression on the part of far less
guilty lands.

Much has been said, in years past, of the cruelties
of the African slave trade, upon the horrors of the
middle passage, and the scenes upon the African coast,
and you have shuddered at it. Look at the South!
It is all there; the evils and characteristics of
slavery are alike, under all circumstances; they are
seen in broken hearts and in severed families. Is
there weeping and wailing in the slave ship? It is
at the South also. Is there blood flowing from the
lash? It flows night and day at the South! What
Southern breeze blows over us, which does not bring
the groans and cries of the poor down-trodden slave?
Who shall compass the measure of this guilt? Who
shall tell the sum of the iniquities of slavery? Dark
with the lengthened line you have sounded its dark
caverns, you see yet below another and another
depth of guilt, and in horror cry, 'Oh! the depths!
When with your mightiest effort you seek again to
find the lowest of the crimes and pollutions of
slavery, again you are baffled, and again in horror cry,
'Oh! the depths! The depths of that guilt which the
people of America so coolly perpetrate, which the leg-
islators of the land sustain by law, which the clergy
of the land seek to justify by the word of God, might
affright an angel to contemplate!

Look at the effects of slavery upon yourselves. At
the South, see a blasted soil, deserted homes, and a
broken commerce, all uniting to speak the system
accursed! And where will it end? Consult the history
of the world. Babylon in its glory, Greece in its
prime of learning and in its proud chivalry, gone!
Rome, the mistress and the oppressor of the nations,
gone! The voice of God in all past time says, ac-
cursed be the nation which makes merchandise of
man!

Will America, with all this before her, enter the
lists with Jehovah? Will she dare try the fearful ex-
periment, and take the fate which has met the tyrann-
ical nations of the earth in all past time? May God
prevent, in his mercy, this madness, and may she re-
pent before it is too late! But if America, who has
received from the hand of God more blessings than
any other portion of the earth, will continue to wor-
ship the bloody god she has set up, let her worship
and perish! I, for one, will do my duty, and will
speak not only for the slave, but in words of entreaty
to America that she will be true to herself, that she
will put away this sin from her midst, that she will
cleanse her garments from the blood of the slave,
and go on in her glorious career, a blessing and a light
to the darkened nations of the world!

It has been said that I hate America. I hate Amer-
ica! What for? I love her clear skies, her glorious
rivers, her fertile fields, her broad prairies, and her
towering mountains. I love America. I love her
for the great and good men she has nourished; I love
her for her resistance to the tyranny of the land from
which I came, in days gone by. I hate nothing here
but slavery, and that is unworthy of America! If I
hated America, think you I would reproach her sins?
No! I would say to her, 'Let slavery flourish!' for I
should know then that freedom would die, and that
the nation would soon be blotted out from among the
nations of the earth. If I hated America, think you
I should hourly peril my life to pluck from her heart
the arrow that is drinking up her life-blood? I will
tell you who is the enemy of America. It is the reli-
gious politician, who cares not for the ruin of a noble
people, if his desire for place and hope of promotion
can be gratified at the expense of a nation's honor,
and by the sacrifice of all which ennoble a nation,
and which alone can save it from decay, viz., the re-
cognition and practice of the principles of justice and
humanity.

He is an enemy to America, who, standing as a
priest and minister of God, trifles with his solemn ob-
ligations, and lends the aid of his high office to the

cause of oppression. And last, but not least, the en-
emy of America is the venal editor, the reptile,
who, among men, is tracked only by the slime he
leaves in his dark and polluted path! who stops at
no calumny or falsehood that he may please a slave-
holding administration, and hopes, by fawning, to
gain its notice, and receive some paltry office for his
utter renunciation of all that might make him a man.
Such you have among you. Watch them well, for it is
of them you should be afraid. They are the men who
ruin nations, and they flourish abundantly here in
America. (Great applause.) And it is such wretches
as these, who publish such papers as these, (holding
up the Rochester Advertiser,) who deny to me, a
stranger, the right of free speech, and who have the
insolence to attempt to prevent you, the citizens of
this country, the citizens of Rochester, from hearing
whom you please to hear, upon any subject you may
please to discuss in your own city. And these gen-
tlemen of the press call for a mob to receive me.
Look sharp after those who invoke the mob, the mon-
ster mob, which denies me free speech, who would
taste my blood to-night, will breakfast on you to-
morrow morning. The freedom of speech which I
ask to-day, you may need to-morrow; and it is a dan-
gerous thing to tamper with one human right, and
more dangerous to make that right dependent upon
the will of a mob.

You say it is a question of politics. I did not make
it so. It was a question of humanity before it was a
question of politics, and because its political relations
may make it a matter of importance to some gen-
tlemen in the next street, who expect or hope to be
returned to Congress, shall I hold my peace upon the
rights and wrongs of three millions of my fellow-men?
Can I hold my peace, and not become guilty before
God for my neglect to defend these defenceless, rob-
bed and hunted children of his? It is not sufficient
to tell me 'it is a political question.' I shall do my
duty to humanity, whatever the consequences may be.
If I go to an English audience with this question
of slavery, they are not angry, for they know that I
am right upon it. If I were to take this question to
heaven, there would be no mob raised there; there
are no Advertisers there. (Laughter.) No! it is only
in free, Christian, Republican America, that the dis-
cussion of the inalienable rights of man justifies re-
course to mob violence. Show me the man who
hates the truth, and I will show you the veriest slave
on earth, for he dares not investigate and receive that
which is necessary to his happiness and that of his
race. Show me the man who loves truth, and though
a ton of iron is on his limbs in the shape of shackles,
yet he is a free man in soul, and worthy to live in the
creation of a God of truth and freedom.

The above is a faint sketch only of one of the most
powerful speeches probably ever uttered by man.
The colossal proportions of the sin of slavery were
portrayed with startling power, and the minds of the
listeners were deeply impressed by the grand and
awful imagery with which he surrounded the subject.
He seemed to look into eternity, and to feel borne
down by the visions of the guilt which men commit
day by day, with perfect indifference to the fact, that
for these outrages upon the rights and interests of
their fellow-men, God will hold them responsible.

Mr. Geo. W. Clark, the author of the 'Liberty Min-
strel,' then sang a beautiful song.

Mr. Foster made some remarks upon the general
subject of slavery. Something being said about
Springfield, Mr. Thompson rose and gave the audience
an amusing account of the mob at Springfield, and of
the efforts of Homer Foot & Co. to get up a mob,
and then to back out from the responsibility thereof.
He then alluded to an article in the Rochester Ad-
vertiser of that day, which, with a great parade of
words, announced that he, the editor, had sent to
Springfield, to get from the editors of the Springfield
Republican information as to the fact whether Mr.
Thompson did say at Springfield, as reported, that there
is not a rod of earth on the globe which is not more
sanctified to the Spirit of Liberty than the soil of
America; and having got the testimony of that ho-
ly 'deacon Bowles,' who had suffered his paper to be
the vehicle, for weeks, of the grossest slanders against
an innocent man; and having got, also, the testimo-
ny of that yelling cur, the junior editor of the Spring-
field Republican, who will be a deacon in time, if he
lives to come to years of discretion; having, I say,
got the testimony of the old hypocrite and the young
slanderer to the fact of Mr. Thompson's having said
the above thing in regard to Christian and Republi-
can America, he announced to the people of Roches-
ter that he had 'pinned Mr. Thompson to the wall,'
&c. &c. Now, the long-eared donkey of the Adver-
tiser took a great deal of needless pains, to put
himself to a great deal of needless trouble, and show
his patriotism; for Mr. Thompson never denied that
he said the above, and on this occasion he proved it
abundantly. 'Where,' said Mr. Thompson, 'can you
find on earth a sight like this? See! yonder is a slave
mother fleeing from the hell of Southern slavery,
claiming nothing but the rights which God gave her,
and of which the slaveholder had long robbed her, and
twenty millions of freemen are leagued to hunt her
down and return her to be tortured, lacerated and
defiled in the prison house from which she had es-
caped! She flees from her pursuers towards that cat-
aract which seems to rebuke with its thunders the
cruelty of your nation. They are close upon her, and
burdened with her little one, which she will not tear
from the breast from which it draws its life, she is
overtaken. Then, in the sacred name of law, she is
carried before a hiring Commissioner, who is bribed
by a provision of the Fugitive Slave Law of Congress
to give her up to the slave-hunter. Then is she
borne shrieking away; and when the horrified wit-
nesses of this diabolical act turn to the pulpit, expect-
ing to hear the denunciations of God upon the op-
pressor come fast from the lips of the priesthood, he
hears some Dewey, or Rogers, or Sharp, or Cox, ex-
cusing the deed, and boldly blaspheming the Savior
by the sacrifice of all which ennoble a nation,
and which alone can save it from decay, viz., the re-
cognition and practice of the principles of justice and
humanity.

He is an enemy to America, who, standing as a
priest and minister of God, trifles with his solemn ob-
ligations, and lends the aid of his high office to the
cause of oppression. And last, but not least, the en-
emy of America is the venal editor, the reptile,
who, among men, is tracked only by the slime he
leaves in his dark and polluted path! who stops at
no calumny or falsehood that he may please a slave-
holding administration, and hopes, by fawning, to
gain its notice, and receive some paltry office for his
utter renunciation of all that might make him a man.
Such you have among you. Watch them well, for it is
of them you should be afraid. They are the men who
ruin nations, and they flourish abundantly here in
America. (Great applause.) And it is such wretches
as these, who publish such papers as these, (holding
up the Rochester Advertiser,) who deny to me, a
stranger, the right of free speech, and who have the
insolence to attempt to prevent you, the citizens of
this country, the citizens of Rochester, from hearing
whom you please to hear, upon any subject you may
please to discuss in your own city. And these gen-
tlemen of the press call for a mob to receive me.
Look sharp after those who invoke the mob, the mon-
ster mob, which denies me free speech, who would
taste my blood to-night, will breakfast on you to-
morrow morning. The freedom of speech which I
ask to-day, you may need to-morrow; and it is a dan-
gerous thing to tamper with one human right, and
more dangerous to make that right dependent upon
the will of a mob.

Queer, if there be within their knowledge a rod of
earth which is not more sanctified by the Spirit of
Liberty, than the soil of Christian, Republican Amer-
ica! I repeat the assertion? NEVER! It is true,
and I dare any man to come upon this platform and
debate the question with me. (Applause.)

No one appearing to question the position of Mr.
Thompson, the saints of the Springfield Republican,
and their friend, the blackguard of the Advertiser,
failing to appear, the meeting adjourned until the
following day.

The Convention met on Friday morning. The
house was completely filled, and an intense interest
was manifested in relation to the subjects which came
before the meeting for discussion.

Interesting remarks were made by Mr. Burris, and
by Abby K. Foster.

'Sojourner Truth,' a negro woman, formerly a slave
in the State of New York, made some acceptable re-
marks, in her peculiar manner. This woman, who can
neither read nor write, will often speak with an
ability which surprises the educated and refined.
She possesses a mind of rare power, and often, in the
course of her short speeches, will throw out gems of
thought. But the truly Christian spirit which per-
vades all she says, endears her to all who know her.
Though she has suffered all the ills of slavery, she
forgets all who have wronged her most freely. She
said her home should be open to the man who had
held her as a slave, and who had so much wronged
her. She would feed him and take care of him if he
was hungry and poor. 'O friends,' said she, 'pity
the poor slaveholder, and pray for him. It troubles
me more than any thing else, what will become of
the poor slaveholder, in all his guilt and all his im-
penitence. God will take care of the poor trampled
slave, but where will the slaveholder be when eternity
begins!'

Sojourner has attended several of these conventions,
for the purpose of selling her most interesting Narra-
tive, and all who become acquainted with her esteem
her most highly.

S. S. Foster followed with some excellent remarks.
He spoke of the perfect independence of the anti-sla-
very cause. From the first, Garrison, Phillips, Quin-
cy, May, and others of the veteran leaders in this
great contest for freedom, had formed no connection
with sectarianism, or with political schemes or plans.
The American Anti-Slavery Society was simply an
association for the thorough renovation of public
sentiment in relation to American slavery. They have
never sought to build up political parties or
sectarian churches. Holding the truth of God, and
believing in its efficacy in rousing the conscience
and purifying the heart, they had relied constantly
upon that truth, and God had abundantly blessed
their efforts.

Mr. Clark then sang the song beginning with the
words—'A voice has gone forth, and the land is
awake,' in a manner which thrilled every heart, and
then, at the earnest call of the assembly, George
Thompson took the floor.

Mr. Thompson spoke of the condition of the colored
people of this country, and of the hatred and pre-
judice which meets them, both bond and free, in every
direction. 'You,' said Mr. T., 'who profess to be-
lieve that all men are created free and equal, have, in
the face of heaven and earth, given the lie to your
professions. You have proscribed and set apart as
unclean, the entire colored population of the land. Three
millions of them you have doomed to a hopeless
bondage, and those who by birth, or other cir-
cumstances, are not slaves, you deride, scoff at, hate
and oppress, because the same God who made you
gave them a color unlike your own! I can sym-
pathize with you colored brother, who sees but
darkness around and before him; but I do not share
his feelings of despondency. I agree with the views
of my excellent friend, Mrs. Foster, who yesterday
gave us words of cheering and of hope. I believe that
his redemption is not far off, for all the elements of
tyranny in the land are now in full operation to riv-
et the chains of the slave, and to make complete the
work of oppression. This is very encouraging. For
twenty years we have been trying to get the people
of this nation roused upon the subject of slavery.
The stupor and indifference which marked the early
days of the anti-slavery cause have disappeared, and
now the whole land is awakened to the subject. Now
the strength of tyranny is to be tested in an open war
with freedom. Now the philanthropy, the humanity,
and the true Christian principle of this land are brought
to bear upon this dark system of robbery and pollu-
tion, and who can doubt that the issue will be glorious
for freedom?

I see sitting in solitary grandeur the friend of my
youth, the man who has by his gigantic efforts and
matchless courage brought this question of slavery
before the American people. That man is William
Lloyd Garrison. I, with him, look back upon the
career of the anti-slavery cause during the twenty
years past, and I look at that cause as it stands now
before the world. It is not now a question between
'a few silly women,' and some pert, upstart clergy-
man in his pulpit; it is not now a matter for the
sport and laughter of the heartless and the shallow-
brained. It is a thing of reality. Now the press, the
pulpit, and the legislative bodies of the land, are en-
gaged in its discussion. Now the contest is between
the United States Government, and the justice and
humanity of the people. Now has the proclamation
of the President gone forth; now is the battle set
array, the ground measured, the orders given, and the
trumpet sounded at the outset. Now the contest
is between God and Moloch, and we rejoice that the
battle is at hand, for we know that he who is the God
of the oppressed is with us, and that certain victory
awaits us.

But I was speaking of the proscription of the colored
man. It is true, that in this land you make the
cruelties you practice upon a portion of the colored
race, in making them slaves, a reason for hating and
persecuting those who are not slaves. You conspire
to prevent the colored freeman from obtaining respect-
able employment; you drive him to the necessity of
taking up with the most menial employments to ob-
tain bread for himself and his family. You conspire
to prevent his obtaining the education he needs. You
with few exceptions, shut against him the doors of

the colleges and academies of the land, because the
chain of the Christian is on the neck of his brethren
at the South. You at the North scorn and spit upon
the free colored man. Because his race are imbruted
at the South, you deny the free colored man of the
North the respect and honor due him as a man. Yet
it was your God and Judge who made him. He it
was who gave him the form and color for which you
hate and despise him. It was His 'LAW' who died
for him. It is your God and his who will call you to
account for this persecution and hatred of your col-
ored brother. By daring to do this, you place your-
selves in array against God; you seek by indulging
this feeling of prejudice to arraign His wisdom, and
by trampling upon the rights of the colored man, you
virtually seek to dethrone the God of heaven!

Think of it! Three millions of God's children,
equal to yourselves by birth, invested by their Creator
with all the sacred rights of men, equal in all
things pertaining to the dignity of the human race
with the proudest of the earth, equal to the President
of the United States, or any of the proud statesmen
or oppressors of the land—three millions! held by
their fellow-men in fee simple, goods and chattels, to
be made to toil unpaid; to be spit upon; to be lacer-
ated by the whip; the wife to be torn from the arms
of the husband, and the child from the embraces of
the parent; and all this in a land professedly Republi-
can, in a land of Bibles, of Churches, and of Sab-
bath! The mother in travail waits not till she has
brought forth her offspring, and rejoices at the birth
of her child; but before it sees the light, she curses
her own existence, and the day when her off-
spring are born into slavery; for the Christians of a
land like this have conspired together for evil, and
they betray the negro from the womb. Ay, more
horrible still! they doom to slavery millions yet in
the loins of their parents! They have built up a
system of wrong which shall seize and enslave
millions of God's creatures through ages and ages yet
to come. And in enslaving the body, you crush the
soul. The soul! Who can fathom the capabilities
of one soul! Who weigh the hopes and fears of only
one soul! And you have placed beneath your feet
three millions! Three millions of slaves! You cannot
grasp the number. You think of it, but do not com-
prehend it. Go to the seaside, and pick up the pebb-
les on the beach till you have accumulated the vast
number of three millions, and let each pebble stand
for one slave; and think of the stupendous nature of
that one slave's soul; think of the grandeur of its
powers, think of its immortal destiny, and remember
that to enslave it is to put out the light which God
himself has kindled within it; that to enslave it is to
make it dark, to crush its powers, to cover it with
moral pollution;—and then multiply this guilt, which
torque cannot speak, by the guilt of enslaving three
millions, and grasp, if you can, the fearful aggregate
of crime!

We look from over the waters of the Atlantic to see
the exemplification of Christian principle in this land.
At the South, we see, without a parallel, lust, incest,
cruelty and murder. In the free States, even in New
England, we pass by the proud churches and the
prouder priesthood of the land, and we find the exhi-
bition of that Christian principle we seek among com-
paratively a few men and women, unknown to fame,
gathered out from every sect, party and condition of
life, closely and heroically leagued together by one
common bond of deep and constant sympathy for the
slave. And these men and women are by the leg-
islators of the land set without the pale of the law, for
no other crime than their hatred of wrong and op-
pression—denied for twenty years the protection
which even the criminal receives, viz., the defence of
the police from the violence of lawless men. They
are and have been outlawed by their own legislators,
simply because they have loved truth and humanity,
and by these legislators and officers of law have been
deliberately given over to the mercies of the mob. I
saw myself, in Faneuil Hall, two hundred ruffians,
in the presence of the Mayor, the Chief of the Police,
and the police force of Boston, mock at and trample
under foot the dearest rights of 3500 of the purest and
best of the tax-paying citizens of that city. To this
hour, the ruins of Pennsylvania Hall tell of the power
of slavery in this land to crush the right of free
speech, and utterly destroy the freedom of the citi-
zen. And all this because of the prejudice you have
kept alive toward the colored race. That hatred of
the black man has poisoned your hearts, and you ex-
hibit it in every relation of life. You have a citizen
here in Rochester, whose residence in any city of your
Union would be an honor to that city. A man of rare
intellect, a man from whose writings the first newspa-
per in the English realm is proud to quote, a man
who is appreciated and admired, not only in England,
but throughout all Europe. His name is a household
word in the proudest mansions on the other side of
the Atlantic. His brilliant thoughts are treasured up by
the scholars of that land, his soul-stirring eloquence
yet echoes in the halls of that land, and upon the
Royal Exchange, his bust is placed among those of
the great of all nations. That man is FREDERICK
DOUGLASS. And here in Rochester, and in America,
in the estimation of pampered priest and heartless
politician, the rich merchant and the hard-working
mechanic, he is but 'a nigger'! To what depths of
degradation does the prejudice against color sink those
who cherish it! To what meanness and wickedness
will not men stoop, who, giving themselves up to the
influence of a shameful prejudice, teach themselves to
hate without cause their brother whom God hath
made!

But, courage, poor scorned and insulted man of
color! The day is coming when in your case the par-
able of Lazarus and Dives will be realized. Let the
proud and the rich and the mighty scorn and hate
you, the bosom of an impartial God is waiting for
you; and for your oppressors is waiting that wrath
which the God of the oppressed has reserved for the
tyrant who tramples His image in the dust.

When, my friends, do you expect this hatred of the
colored man to cease? 'You cannot tell!' I will
tell you. It will be when you yourselves repudiate
it. Do you expect the press of the land will become
good and just? It will become so when you have be-
come so, and not till then. The press is a mirror.
It reflects the mind of the public. The mass of the

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION A COVENANT WITH DEATH,
AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.

Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding
lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their
assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to
secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their
slaves. The first was the immunity, for twenty years,
of preserving the African slave trade; the second was
the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an en-
gagement positively prohibited by the laws of God,
delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal
to the principles of popular representation, of a repre-
sentation for slaves—for articles of merchandise, under
the name of persons. . . To call government thus con-
stituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of
mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of
riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the
government of the nation is to establish an artificial
majority in the slave representation over that of the
free people, in the American Congress, and thereby
to make the PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION
AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VIT-
AL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NA-
TIONAL GOVERNMENT.—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

WHOLE NO. 1056.

people of this country are indifferent to or directly
favorable toward the cause of oppression. The greater
portion of the press of the land reflects that indiffer-
ence, or openly advocates oppression. Let the people
of the land put on the form of humanity, and see if
the press does not reflect back that humanity, and
thunder against the outrage which slavery commits
upon the race.

How is it with the pulpit—any better than the
press? No! washed and more decent, but no better;
for when, at all risks, the fugitive has escaped from his
shackles, as he passes through 'free New England,'
the hunter seizes him, and the priest from the altar
lends his aid to send him back into slavery, and
seeks to make the Bible sanction the crime he has
committed in thus sustaining oppression. Look now
at the pulpits of the land! Hear from them the vo-
ices of the Sharps, the Deweys, the Rogerses, and
a host of others, advocating the claims of the man thief
and robber as paramount to the higher law of God!
When will the pulpits of the land be cleansed?
When will the people, shall be pure, and shall teach
the recreant, time-serving minister to respect the
claims of humanity and the law of the blessed God.
The work, then, is to be done with you and through
you, the people. All reforms have been begun and
carried on by the people, and to them we look in this
dark day of tyranny.

And now, take the question home to your bosoms.
Feel for the slave, for he needs your pity. Do your
duty towards him, and the reward of the righteous
shall be yours. A peace of mind which the selfish
and the tyrannical know not—the happiness of know-
ing that, in the day when tyranny was strong, and
the wrath of the oppressor was not against the friends
of truth and of human freedom, you defended the
poor slave, and did what you could for his emanci-
pation. Choose you this day whom ye will serve. If
the Lord be God, follow him! If Millard Fillmore,
follow him!

I have given above nothing but a sketch of the
speeches of Mr. Thompson. To convey to those who
have never heard him any adequate idea of his power
as an orator is impossible. To those who have heard
him, even sketches of his speeches are not wholly
unacceptable, as they serve to bring to mind the look
and manner of the splendid orator. If you, Mr. Ed-
itor, could make the summer breeze at times blow
gently across your columns, again bring up the full
sweep of the tempest, cause the thunder to roll along
the page, and the lines to sparkle with fire, then the
reader who has never heard George Thompson could
feel something of his power, and feel the blood stir
through his veins, and his heart swell with the strong
emotions of an awakening sense of the vastness of the
subject of which the orator speaks, and the great
responsibility of each one of us in relation to it. All
the accounts I have given of the speeches of Mr.
Thompson, and of the doings of the Convention in
New York State, have been written under the most
unfavorable circumstances, hastily and imperfectly
thrown together, but yet, I trust, not wholly without
value to the friends of the anti-slavery cause.

At the close of Mr. Thompson's speech, he stated
to the audience that he should, in the afternoon, re-
view Henry Clay's Colonization Scheme. This re-
view is complete in its elucidation of the hypocrisy of
Mr. Clay, and of those who advocate this scheme of
injustice, cruelty and fraud. Mr. Thompson will, as
soon as opportunity allows, furnish it entire for the
press.

A Convention is to be held in a few days at Lock-
port, after which, Mr. Thompson, accompanied by F

there were those among us who were bold and strong, believing that 'the arm of the Lord was not shortened that it could not save'—and that, David-like, George Thompson was coming here, clothed not in Saul's armor of this world's steel, but in that of truth and righteousness, the very armor of the living God.

Such was the excitement of the city, that no suitable place could be found for an evening's lecture. For a time, it was doubtful if any place at all could be secured; and those who were really desirous of hearing Mr. Thompson, and had signed the invitation for his visit to this city, feared that, were it used, our Athenaeum Library and elegant hall might be in ruins before the next day! At length, amid doubts and fears, this hall was obtained for the afternoon. And Monday, the 10th of March, 1851, in Corinthian Hall of the city of Rochester was exhibited the unexampled and extraordinary spectacle of the people of the city, assembled to listen to a literary lecture in broad daylight! My spirit burns with indignation, my very soul within me weeps, that a people so true on other great moral questions, should be so tame, fettered and doped by the dark monster of American slavery! God help us!

The expectations of the audience were disappointed in consequence of the delay of the rail-road cars, and the indisposition of Mr. Thompson. Short addresses were given by two or three of the citizens—a notice given that Mr. Thompson would speak the next day, and the meeting dismissed. Tuesday, the 11th, a still larger number attended; and then we heard Mr. Thompson on British Reform. His exalted Christian sentiments and consistent republican principles met a warm and generous response in the hearts of all present. This was a happy introduction to our Convention, which passed off most satisfactorily.

By a singular coincidence, about this time, the celebrated Dr. SAMUEL H. CUX made his appearance in this city, to lecture before the Athenaeum, fresh from the Union Safety Celebration, in honor of Senator Foot, and delivered his lecture before the Athenaeum, after Mr. Thompson had twice or thrice addressed a Rochester audience. The adversaries of freedom, in their own estimation, par excellence the friends of the Union, feeling that they needed help in this great emergency, lest this 'foreign emissary' should rend the Union in tatters, invited the Doctor to address the citizens, as a counterpoise, upon the value of the Union;—whereupon the Doctor wisely declined, but foolishly enough addressed a long and characteristic letter to those who invited him, in which he had the moral courage to assure them he did not 'pray for slavery,' though he thought the officiousness of John Bull quite intolerable upon the subject.

I spoke seven times in Rochester; four of my addresses were on Slavery, two were on India, and one on British Reform. My last was on Sunday evening, when Corinthian Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity by one of the most intelligent audiences I have ever addressed. The North Star of this week will contain some report of my speech, though I need not tell you that my notes do not, when printed, give a full representation of my speeches. I am much more indebted to the inspiration of the moment for any thing that moves my hearers, than to prepared notes, or subsequent preparation for the press.

I have reason to speak well of Rochester. The citizens have nobly rebuked the papers which sought to mislead and pervert the public sentiment; or, worse, to create disturbance, riot and violence. Publicly, they have acted towards a stranger and a foreigner with a courtesy and a magnanimity worthy of any city in the world. I estimate the treatment I have received in Rochester the more highly, because it has been at the hands of persons who did not belong to the ranks of the abolitionists. I asked to be heard, and I was heard. In no town or city of England was I ever listened to with more attention. It was my desire to be heard by audiences composed of politicians and religiousists of varying hues and sections. My desire was gratified to the utmost. I sought the opportunity of saying freely all I felt, thought, feared, desired and purposed, on the question of American slavery. I enjoyed that opportunity to the extent of my time and strength. I did not expect to be heard approvingly—still less to be cheered by overwhelming plaudits—and, least of all, to be surrounded by hundreds at the close of my lectures, anxious to grasp my hand, and to utter the fervent 'God bless you' in my ear. Yet such has been the case, as thousands in Rochester would testify. In private, the hospitality of the city has been extended to me without measure. Night after night, parties of fifty, sixty and seventy have met me, each one exulting the rest in showing me tokens of confidence and affection. What can I say to each and all of these friends, but, 'God bless you! O, I will believe in the triumph of the anti-slavery cause, while one who like me shuns not to declare the whole cause of God, is thus cherished by the citizens of America!'

Will politicians and clergymen henceforth have no faith in the truth? Will they see its triumphs, when preached by a reviled and hated Englishman, and still remain unbelieving? God forbid!

But I am called away, and can add no more at present.

God bless you, also, my beloved brother! I have met with many who know you not, and therefore feel coldly towards you. What you would have done by your radiant presence, I have, with a brother's heart, humbly tried to do, and not in vain. Continue to believe me, as when I gave you my pledge in 1853.

Your steadfast friend,

GEO. THOMPSON.

W. L. GARRISON.

[In the absence of our attentive correspondent, Mr. G. W. PUTNAM, from the Lockport Convention, we are indebted to a friend who was present for the following interesting report of its proceedings.]

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION AT LOCKPORT.

This Convention commenced its sessions on Wednesday, the 26th ult., at 10 A. M., in the church of the Rev. Mr. Dox, (Lutheran.) Lockport is also the scene of the ministrations of the Rev. William C. Wisner, another minister of the Lutheran denomination, who has recently published an admirable review of the Sermon of the Rev. Dr. Lord, of Buffalo, in favor of the AMERICAN HUMAN GAME LAW, a Sermon that has been infamously by the patronage bestowed upon it by the Henry-Long-catchling-Committee of New York, and the Congress of the United States, whose members have sought to earn their eight dollars a day, by franking pro-slavery documents to all parts of the country.

Mr. Thompson arrived in Lockport, from Rochester, by way of Buffalo and the Falls, on Tuesday afternoon, and in the evening lectured before the Young Men's Association, to one of the largest audiences ever convened by that body.

The Convention, on Wednesday morning, chose Mr. Price, formerly of Connecticut, for President. Mr. S. S. Foster was the first speaker, and delivered an able address on the duties of the friends of the cause in the present crisis. He was followed by Mrs. A. K. Foster, who spoke with her usual ability, and moved the appointment of a Finance Committee, to obtain contributions in aid of the American Anti-Slavery Society. This was objected to by a member, on account of the difference of opinion respecting the claims of that Society and other organizations. This brought upon the floor the English visitor, Mr. GEORGE THOMPSON. This gentleman having expressed the great pleasure he felt in being present at the Convention, proceeded to review the career of the American Society, from its rise in 1833, until the day of our meeting. He stated that, sixteen years ago, he had the honor of being appointed the unpaid agent of the body brought into existence through the instrumentality of W. L. GARRISON. From that period he had watched its course, and was prepared to affirm, that no Society had ever more faithfully acted

up to its Constitution, or more religiously redeemed the pledges given on its behalf at its birth. Where he had left it in 1835, he had found it in 1850. All around might be seen the wrecks of other organizations, which had been brought into existence by the spirit of rivalry, opposition or hostility; but there stood the American Society—its declaration of sentiments (that noble document) the same; its great distinctive principles the same; its great and glorious object still the same; with the same broad, catholic, unsectarian, world-wide platform; and, thanks to their unyielding steadfastness, and the care of God, with many of the same glorious men and women upon it, with whom it had been his privilege to work in years gone past. Nobly had this Society redeemed the promise of its infancy, and he (Mr. Thompson) believed it was the organization ordained yet to be the main instrumentality for ridding America of slavery.

I cannot (continued Mr. Thompson) conceive of an abolitionist in this country, who is not, whether he calls himself one or not, a part of the American Anti-Slavery Society; for that Society embodies in its Declaration and Constitution whatever goes to make up real abolitionism. As well might a man say, 'I am a Presbyterian, or I am a Baptist, or I am a Methodist, but I am not a Christian.' What is a Baptist without Christianity? And what is a Liberty Party man, a Free Soiler, or a Seward Whig, or a Buffalo Convention Abolitionist, destitute of the sentiments, the principles, and the soul of an American Society Abolitionist? If an honest abolitionist at all; if worthy of that noble name; if doing any thing on right grounds to advance the overthrow of slavery, he must of necessity be an abolitionist who has come in at the wicket gate of the American Society. A person might as well say, 'I will be a man, but I will have but one arm, or one eye, or, I will dispense with my heart, my lungs, or my brain, as to say, I will be an abolitionist, and at the same time be less than what the Constitution of the American Society requires him to be. Tell me what less you desire to be in this cause, than what that Society would have you to be, and I will tell you precisely what you lack to enable you to come up to the standard of a genuine and perfect abolitionist.

It may be well for us, on a solemn occasion like this, to look at the mighty, the gigantic, the sublime work we propose to accomplish. If we would outgrow our own dwarfish dimensions—our narrow and unworthy sectarian and party prejudices—we should spend our time in surveying the stupendous objects we are aiming to achieve. There is nothing little connected with this cause but ourselves. We are straitened—not in the cause, but in our own bowels. There is grandeur even in the guilt of slavery. There is a gloomy sublimity about this huge blood-cemented structure. Try to measure its circumference, and you will fall. Draw the line into the fatuous abyss, and you will draw it up again, exclaiming, 'O, the depths!' Try to sum up its groans and tears, and agonies; and arithmetic, and language, and fancy will halt and faint in the effort. Take one human heart, and, if you can, count the tortured fibres of that piece of quivering mechanism; then try to grasp the aggregate of three millions of such hearts, wrung by the thrice accursed system of slavery. Tell me where slavery is not, in its malevolent influences and direful results. Shall I ascend up into heaven? Heaven is all amazement and horror at the spectacle. Shall I make my bed in hell?—There are its victims by myriads. Do I traverse the North? It is full of the evil effects of slavery. The thunders of Niagara are at this moment guiding the flying feet of the wretch pursued by the blood-scenting hounds of the South and the jackals of the North, hunting in couples for the prey of the demon. Let us ponder these things, and burst the withers that bind us. 'To your tents, O Israel!' This is no time for those who call themselves abolitionists to fall out by the way. The only question is, 'Who will go up with me to Ramoth Gilead to battle?'

Slavery must be abolished, and we must aid the work. The slave is our brother. We cannot repudiate the consanguinity. As long as he is God's child, so long will he be our brother. Have we not all one father? Hath not one God created us? He is black, but he is our brother still; and we must own him, succor him, embrace him, love him; or, dread the day when these disinherited children of God shall meet those at judgment who cast them out of their Father's house, and deprived them of their birthright. The slave is our brother, and we must deliver him; for it is God's method to save man by man. Hence your missionaries, scattered over the face of the earth. Is it your duty to save your brother in Japan, in Burmah, in China, in the South Seas, and not to save your brother here? Or do you dream, that by making one Christian abroad, you will atone for keeping millions in heathenism at home? The slave is our brother, and we must deliver him, for he is helpless. The law, which is your guardian angel here, is his destroying demon there. The army, which is your defense, is kept to butcher him, if he should assert the dignity of man. The religion which teaches you to fight for freedom, tells him to crouch and crawl before a tyrant, and to take blows and stripes with gratitude for the Lord's sake, who has made him what he is, and requires him to glorify Him in slavery.

You tell me it is a question of property. I know it is—of property of God in man, and man in himself. As for property of man in man, it is the boldest blasphemy ever uttered. Man cannot be the property of man. Grant that man can be the property of man, and reason, logic, and conscience stands aghast, and faith in eternal justice ends. Hold to the doctrine that man is made for God, and has no other proprietor,—and universal truth sustains you; and the philosophy of human nature sanctions your creed; and the consciences of all men approve your verdict; and equity resumes her throne; and the instincts, affections, agonies, and exultations of humanity, come to your side; and the attributes of God are reconciled, and you are at peace with the moral government of the Universe. Man cannot hold property in man! Can a finite creature be at one and the same time the owner of his Maker, and the rightful owner of his fellow? Can man, made in the image of God, but a little lower than the angels, be man and beast and property at the same time? Can the potsherd say to the potsherd, thou art mine? Can the slave of sin—the unrepentant despot—be the owner of Christ's free man? Can the child of the devil own the temple of the Holy Ghost? Does the WISE, the JUST, the ALL-GOOD, really transfer his prerogative to gamblers, adulterers and whoremongers; and vacate his seat in favor of men-stealers, slave-catchers and negro drivers? Has the master a soul? So has the slave. Is the master immortal? So is the slave. Is the master responsible? So is the slave. Has the master affections? So has the slave. Must the master be free that he may serve God? So must the slave. How then can he be, no better at his birth, no better in his elements, no higher in his destinies,—whose body worms will devour, whose soul must go to an equal judgment, own a fellow and an equal man? He lies who says he can!

What then? Up for the truth! Abjure this lie: expose it: hunt it through the world and out of the world, to its native hell. Demand that our brother be no longer the victim of this lie. Proclaim the truth for this lie: the truth—that MAN is MAX; that Washington was no more than a man, and Henry Long no less. This is abolition. This our fanaticism, incendiarianism, infidelity, treason. In such a cause, welcome reproach,—it is glory. Welcome persecution,—it is the attestation which falsehood gives to truth. Let us bind this truth to our hearts, and live to spread it through the world.

From many a pained prayer,
Call on thee to deliver
Their limbs from galling chains;
And, faithful to the call, thou hast obeyed. The threat of the murderer, and the uplifted hand of the assassin, have never caused thee to falter in thy course, or to forget thy sacred duty. Liberty, pure, holy Liberty, goes before thee like a pillar of fire; and, with thine eye fixed on her glorious presence, thou dost proclaim her laws to the world. When the biographer of George Thompson writes his history, he will find that not the least courageous, manly and effective part of his life was spent in the United States of America in 1850 and 1851.

J. B. STREZ.

Then Knaves and Fools may rage and storm,
And graving Bigots may deride,—
The trembling slave away may run,
Or in his Tyrant's dungeon hide;
But free and bold, and true and good,
We to this oath our souls will set—
From pole to pole, we'll free each soul,
The world shall be better yet.

After Mr. Thompson's speech, of which the above is the substance, the Convention adjourned.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The sitting of the Convention on this occasion was occupied by a very animated discussion of a resolution proposed by Mr. Foster, declaring the rectification of the public sentiment of the country the all-important and paramount duty of the true friends of the slave, and not the construction and building up of political parties.

EVENING SESSION.

This was exclusively taken up by a lecture from Mr. Thompson, on the condition of the colored population of the United States. I can undertake to furnish you with nothing beyond an outline of the speech, which riveted the attention of the audience for more than two hours.

Mr. Thompson said:—This is a momentous and trying crisis. The times call for faith and courage such as never were required before. War, deliberate and open war, has been declared against the colored race on these shores. The object of this war, on one side, is to fix the chain eternally on the limbs of the colored man in slavery, and to persecute the free colored man into despair and self-banishment from the place of his birth forever.

On the other side are the friends of eternal justice and the rights of humanity, who have, with equal deliberation, determined that the fetter shall be broken, the slave be set free, and the colored man, every where, be raised to the dignity of a man and a citizen on the soil which is his heritage.

The spectacle is sublime. The hosts are marshalled; the ground is chosen; the terms are specified; the leaders are appointed; the posts are assigned; the weapons are prepared; the trumpets are sounding. GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT! I can sympathize with the despondency of the colored man, though I cannot share it. All unused as he is to the study and comprehension of a movement like this, he looks around, and cannot discern upon the horizon one streak of light, from which he may draw the pleasing augury of a brighter or a better day:—

'Thy wide, unbounded prospect lies before him,
But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.'

But the prospect does not dishearten me. I cannot even say that my faith is tried. I have seen this day afar off, and I am glad it has come. I know that the darkest hour is just before dawn. I know that Jehovah reigns, and that often

'Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.'

I know that man's extremity is God's opportunity. I see in all these things the indubitable evidences of the full strength and virtue of the cause we have espoused, and the harbingers of the future triumph that cause shall achieve. We were once a bad one, it would be left to die of its own corruption. Were it weak one, it would be despised. But it is great and good, therefore it is that the armies of the aliens are drawn up in array against us.

Let us, however, understand the work we have to do. It is the redemption of a race of men against whom a conspiracy has been formed—in wealth, numbers, intellect, power, activity and malice—the greatest and most formidable the world has ever seen. A conspiracy to enslave a whole nation of human beings, and their posterity, to the latest generation, and to persecute to banishment or death every individual who wears the hated color of the injured and oppressed.

To call the colored man in this assembly to-night free, is an insult and a mockery. Because his race has been robbed and enslaved, he is also in chains—the chains of a bitter, cruel and unrelenting prejudice. Because his race is bought and sold, he is scorned and spit upon. Because they are regarded and treated as beasts, he is held to be less than a man. The malediction under which his race lies rests also upon him; and though he flies from the South, he does but drag a lengthened chain; for there is not a city, a town, a village of the North, where he is not looked upon as a leper, a Pariah, and an outcast.

(Remainder next week.)

Mr. Thompson is at present on a visit to Upper Canada, to inquire into the condition of the fugitive slaves on its soil, and to invoke the sympathy and aid of the white inhabitants in their behalf. He is fortunately accompanied by FREDERICK DOUGLASS. On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, they addressed the citizens of Toronto. On our next number we shall doubtless be able to give some particulars of this tour.

One page of the last number of the 'North Star' is occupied with a report of the last speech made by Mr. Thompson in Rochester before 'a tremendous concourse of the citizens.' We shall be glad to publish it as soon as our limits will permit.

From Burritt's Christian Citizen.

GEORGE THOMPSON.

This eloquent, earnest, and high-souled BOSTONIAN has been lecturing for the last fortnight in New York State, and disabusing the bigotry of his genius, and dispelling with the candor of his presence, prejudices which many melancholy specimens of American newspaper editors have produced in the public mind, by the malicious invention of disgusting falsehoods. He has been to Syracuse, to Auburn, and to Rochester, where his advent had been heralded by snake-like hisses of process which defame liberty and degrade literature; and he had only to speak to the thousands who came to see and hear him, in order to bid the big tears of sympathy, and words of kindly greeting, start forth from the generous hearts to give him welcome. George Thompson has been twice publicly insulted since his arrival here, and both times it was by a party by invitation; both times he was denied a hearing. The mercantile boys of Boston, and the 'Republican' mob of Springfield, Ephraim-like, drowned the voice of this Paul of Christian liberty with the howls of 'Great is our Diana of the Union,' before they had heard from his own lips an exposition of his principles, as he uttered his words of peace and love, he has been granted the right of free speech, he has dispelled the prejudices of his auditors, and been greeted as a true American and a faithful MAX.

In proportion as the enemies of liberty fluninate their vituperations against George Thompson, the friends of freedom in this country take courage in the history of liberty was moral courage ever more necessary than it is to the free men of this land now; and a bold, trusting, faithful, fearless exemplar, to whom the people may look, and from whose example and eloquence they may take courage, is at this day beyond all price. George Thompson's intrepid conduct, as he uttered his words of peace and love, he has been granted the right of free speech, he has dispelled the prejudices of his auditors, and been greeted as a true American and a faithful MAX.

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When Knaves and Fools may rage and storm,
And graving Bigots may deride,—
The trembling slave away may run,
Or in his Tyrant's dungeon hide;
But free and bold, and true and good,
We to this oath our souls will set—
From pole to pole, we'll free each soul,
The world shall be better yet.

